THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 70.

Boston, Saturday, August 29, 1807.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 92.

"FUNGAR VICE COTIS."

NECESSITY, says the proverb, is the mother of invention. It is the spring which gives force and energy to the mind; it impels it on courses it would never have dared to adventure, and brings it to exertions it would never have conceived to be possible.

Necessity alone is the criterion of power. Who is there that could determine the extent of his capacity until the rigorous commands of necessity had compelled him to exert it? If actions are in proportion to the motives which produce them what can be so wide or efficient as those which spring from a principle that leaves no room for doubt, no time for deliberation, that impels whatever faculties are capable of exertions and enlists even the passions in its cause?

There is a sluggishness and lassitude, which seem constitutional in our species, and which some powerful stimulus is required to subdue. To compel man to labour it was necessary for an Almighty fiat to proclaim that he should earn his bread by the sweet of his brow; in proportion to the decrease of necessity is the diminution of labour, and as the ingenuity which necessity generates, procures the means of independence and luxury, we find it relaxing from its labours and reposing on the products of its toil. Whence is it that the boldest displays of ingenuity, the first specimens of labour arise? Not indeed among the wealthy and luxurious, whom fortune has left without a wish ungratified, without a desire that is not fulfilled; for whom plenty spreads its treasures and fruition supercedes hope; we find it among those who depend for subsistence on exertion, and who are calling on their ingenuity to lay the foundation of their future fame. We find it among men who are impelled forward by the strong arm of necessity, who must labour or starve; who can exchange employment only for death.

In the early ages of the world we find our species, whom we have no reason to suppose endowed by nature with more fortitude and strength than ourselves, engaging in labours from which we shrink in contemplation, and discovering those qualities of the mind as general attributes, which at the present day ennoble their possessor. Successive generations by the exertion of the same powers, do away the causes which call out in so conspicuous a manner, that invention which results from necessity, and yet daily experience discover to us the height to which the mind will extend when driven forward by a full confidence in the necessity of exertion.

It is said that a famous chymist in France whose unusual acquirements in the science had given the ability of displaying many phenomena, which though then considered wonderful, are now easily explained, was seized and arrested under a charge of having discovered the Philosopher's stone, which has the power of transmuting all base metals to gold. He was accordingly confined and threatened with death unless he should produce the gold he was required, and discover the process which he used. In despair at these rigorous requisitions which he was fully sensible it was impossible to comply with, his only alternative was to push his genius to the discovery of something equally valuable, whose good effects might procure an alteration of his sentence, and the result of his labour under the influence of a necessity almost equal to despair, was the process of making the porcelain china, which was so valuable in itself as to produce the effect he desired.

Look now to the dungeon of the captive, the prisons where power confines the violators of law and inflicts the punishment of crimes. It might be thought that the consciousness of vice would enervate the mind; that the culprit whose deceptions were exposed and whose villany was now receiving its merited chastisement would be broken in spirit and humble in mind, that the natural cowardice of guilt would be a fetter on his arm and a chain to his feet, and entirely prevent the exertion of any former ingenuity; but it is true that although *vice* is cowardly and treacherous; *necessity* is bold and faithful, it will nerve the timid with fortitude and the weak with strength, it will give energy to the feeble and invention to the foolish. Although the criminal is punished it is human nature that suffers, and incident to that nature is a desire of liberty. There is a necessity either natural or acquired for the enjoyment of freedom which supercedes every other consideration and would make paradise appear a desert without it. This necessity operates even in a prison in spite of those varied checks which the place and the cause of confinement would lay on the ingenuity. And where we may ask has this necessity failed of proving a mother of invention? What bolts, what bars, what locks, what cells, what dungeons has man, however ingenious in tyranny, discovered, that has not been burst down, opened and evaded by the prolific ingenuity which necessity has created? It is hitherto been in vain that you load the body with chains, that you confine it within the narrowest limits consistent with life; that you attempt to subdue the mind by accumulating horrors, that you emaciate the body with feeble diet and beat down the spirit by contumely and reproach, that you darken even to a "palpable obscure" the prospect of deliverance and threaten with the voice of thunder a perpetual confinement. It is all in vain—your very severities increase the desire & of course the necessity of avoiding the punishment. The mind is beyond your reach, it takes its direction from the feelings which you constrain it to partake; it turns to its own purpose every sentiment, every passion of nature; it improves every circumstance which accident and time throws in its way; it laughs at the weak endeavours to restrain its native freedom, and at length, disengaged from your power, points out as its deliverer that artifice, which deceived your care, to that invention which was the child of necessity. True indeed we have, and well it is so for the happi-

ness of society that we have numerous instances where the force that has been exerted on the body has overpowered the mind, and the prisoner has died in his cell, the proper sacrifice for his crime. It is enough for our purpose in the present case to show the contrary by individual examples. But ask those who are the keepers of the condemned; they will inform you that the life of a prisoner is a constant succession of schemes and contrivances; that his invention though frequently foiled is as constant as his necessity, that defeat does not discourage his exertion, but rather animates his hopes; that invention is not only begotten but nursed by necessity.

We cannot close this paper without adverting to the melancholy history of TRENCK. If necessity ever sharpened the faculties and nurtured the invention, it was in the instance of this unfortunate nobleman. What but the strong arm of irresistible necessity could have impelled to those ingenious contrivances and laborious exertions which were so often and so variously executed. What could have supplied the mind with so many artifices for deliverance, and so many deceptions to impose upon credulity and even suspicion, but that ingenuity which was raised by the hand of necessity and kept alive by the constant existence of its parent principle.

The captivity of Sir Sidney Smith is a more recent instance and equally memorable. Who but a man driven by the desparation of necessity to investigate, to examine, *to create* for itself, would have thought of making a telegraph of the bars of a prison, or would have patience by slow and uncertain hieroglyphicks to deceive a vigilant guard, and communicate to an opposite neighbour the necessary information to procure his release. Yet such were the means by which Sir Sidney procured his release from the dungeons of France, and such was the ingenuity which necessity generated for the purpose of restoring him to his country.

But we should never finish if it were necessary to detail the various manœuvres, by which power has been opposed, watchfulness evaded, strength set at naught, and confinement broken, by men with no other implement than the ingenuity which necessity created. Men of ordinary talents have discovered under these circumstances prodigious ingenuity, and left us by singular and wonderful adventures to agree in sentiment with the proverb, that "*necessity is the mother of invention.*" E.

FOR THE EMERALD

COMMENCEMENT.

THERE is no public celebration more generally interesting than the anniversary of Commencement at Harvard University. To introduce to the world the future ornaments of society; to witness the display of those literary acquirments for which so much time and so many opportunities were enjoyed, is a pleasure which finds a ready sympathy with the heart. To the friends of literature every stream from Illyssus is interesting however small its current or weak may be its force. Extremely therefore must we regret any occurrence which tends to diminish the festivity of the day or damp the pleasures with which it is prescriptively connected.

The events of the year that is past will not present the most pleasing page in the history of this venerable institution, whose anniversary we have just commemorated. Temporary irregularities and intemperate conduct, the thoughtless dissipa-

tion of the extravagant and the debilitating restlessness of the idle will in every public seminary disturb the tranquillity of study. Of these wild aberrations we know the cause and can appreciate the effects. It is a disease weakening and oftentimes dangerous to its subjects, but by no means contagious or irresistible by salutary medicine. But that a whole college should be in open rebellion to a government, which had been in principle the same for more than a century, is a fact that we can reconcile only with the belief that it originated on justifiable grounds. To whatever excess the students might in the progress of their insurrection have been urged, however blamable *their* conduct and *dangerous* their designs, we cannot but believe and lament that the difficulties of a general union were overcome by the necessity that existed, and that their forces were *at first* unwillingly concentrated by some negligence or some error which ought to have been early corrected.

We cannot but congratulate the friends of literature on the termination of these unfortunate occurrences, which at one time was sufficiently formidable to threaten the peace and usefulness of this antient institution, while we regret that its traces are yet visible, the marks of its existence not entirely obliterated.

The celebration on Wednesday was deficient in that pomp, bustle, and gaiety, which have been the usual attendants of the day. Parties of festivity were few, and the literary exercises, considered in the whole, inferior to the general character of former occasions. Indeed we are informed that the unfortunate events to which we have adverted, deprived the University of several of its pupils, who on this occasion would have received its honours and contributed to its fame; and it very probably dispirited what it did not destroy, and weakened what it could not prevent.

We are sensible that in more particularly noticing the merits of the respective speakers, we ought to listen with attention, to their claims upon CANDOR. The first flight of the nestling should be unattended with difficulties, that it may gain confidence from success, and venture on a bolder wing.—

The performances were introduced as usual, by

A Salutatory oration in Latin.

There is expected from the salutatory orator a gracefulness of manners and amenity of action, that should win the esteem, and favor of the auditors.

E lingua, melle dulcior flueret oratio.

In the present instance the part was noticed by its graceful elocution; but a deficiency of voice in the speaker, and the bustle of those around us, prevented our judging of its sentiments or its style.

A Forensic Disputation on this question, "Whether man have a natural right to exercise dominion over other animals."

We would have excused either of the disputants had he left the logic of the schools to have diverted the audience with that fancy and invention to which this subject seemed naturally to lead. A labored discussion however forcible in argument is on such occasions seldom amusing. The present gentlemen kept strictly to the text. Their arguments were soberly correct and logically true.

A Latin Dialogue on "The patriotism of the Romans."

This was a very handsome performance. We were much pleased with the observations and the style in which they were conveyed. The Latin was correct and classical, and

the delivery marked with the familiarity of easy conversation, & yet with dignity sufficient for a public exhibition. The "*amor patriæ ardens*" was hapily enforced and "that infamy more dreaded than death by the Romans" judiciously illustrated.—We could have wished the audience at large had received the benefit of a discussion at this time particularly appropriate. Our countrymen should learn and imitate the "*Patriotism of the Romans.*"

An English Conference on "The effects, produced in Society by a regard to personal interest, love of novelty, and fear of innovation."

We recollect nothing particularly striking in this performance. It was neither very forcible in its sentiments, nor animated in the delivery.

An English Oration on "Literary Exertion."

This was a judicious and appropriate subject very ingeniously handled. The performance was marked by the boldness of its thoughts, the beauty of its figures, the aptness of its quotations, and the gracefulness of delivery. It discovered a mind "illuminated by the rays of genius, and polished by the labour ef exertion."

We would remark here, that there is a medium between that dull monotony and feeble tone which is either indistinctly heard or what fatigues the attention, and that theatrical habit and stage rant which partake more of affectation than nature, and is suited only to scenes of the drama.

A Greek Dialogue on "The character of Socrates."

We are willing to believe this was an able performance. The subject was well chosen, and the part was certainly delivered with the *ore rotundo*. and animation of Oratory.

An English Conference on "The effects, which Cultivation of the Sciences, the liberal, and theme chanic arts produce in the character of society."

The consideration of the liberal arts was omitted in consequence of the indisposition of the gentleman to whom it was assigned. The others were not distinguished for any particular beauty, or perhaps the want of a forcible and elegant elocution concealed from us their merits.

An English Colloquy on "Resemblance and contrast of character, as contributing to social Happiness."

This part was very happily introduced with a modest and insinuating grace peculiar to the speaker; and we noticed a striking and ingenious discrimination between those characters which command admiration and those which procure esteem. The part was distinguished by judgment and investigation on one side, by briliancy and taste on the other. The allusion to the administration of *Chatham* by young Parkman was alike novel and ingenious though perhaps a fastidious critic migh object that it was too far extended. The delivery was pleasing and manly. Mr. P. has a deficiency in voice for so large an assembly; to those within its compass his tones appeared particularly soft and agreeably diversified. His style partakes the maturity of age and the chasteness of a scholar.

The forensic disputation on this question "Whether a state of universal and perpetual peace would be beneficial to the world," would not have checked the ardour of the warrior nor given courage to the coward. We had looked forward to this part with some anticipation of pleasure, expecting at least some allusions to events of more recent interest than any that are recorded in the metaphysicks of Locke, or the tenets of Penn, The *spirit stirring drum*, the

ear piercing fife had no charms for our disputants. We are sensible the duty assigned them was strictly performed, if we were disappointed in expecting more, it was certainly not their fault, but our own.

The English Oration on Agriculture deserves some credit for novelty, at least in the manner of delivery. As this part is compelled by prescription to name the benefactors of the University, we are a little astonished a subject should be chosen, which we believe was in no way connected with either of their avocations. The Oration contained many ingenious passages and some force of expression, but the charms of the country has so often been sung by the muse of fiction, that the sober genius of truth could find little novelty in the course. The field has been reaped by so careful a hand that not even a sheaf is left for the gleaner.

We were much disappointed that the ill health of the Poet disappointed us of a favorite and pleasing part of the entertainment. And surely amid such a dearth of invention the common charms of poetry would have seemed to us *most eloquent music.*

Exercises in the class of candidates for the degree of Master of Arts.

1. An English Oration,—"Christianity true, because it has the evidence of Prophecy."

Of Mr. Stickney's oration we are at a loss how to speak. It certainly displayed the evidence of a deeply investigating mind. It presented a solid phalanx of correct arguments on a point of theology, interesting and important; it collected and combined with force and energy the abstract reasoning of theology, and brought metaphysical subtility to the aid of evangelical truth; though sometimes affected in style, (we allude particularly to the repetition of epithets and the involution of the periods) it was generally clear, neat and perspicuous, a quality the more necessary, as the course of close ratiocination could not otherwise have been followed—We will say too, that if not gracefully, it was forcibly delivered and was entitled to a praise by no means common, of being fully and distinctly heard. We bestow this praise unequivocally for it is justly due. We believe it comprises every point on which Mr. S. was anxious to excel, and yet if we could have had the opportunity, we would most earnestly have reasoned with this gentleman on the glaring impropriety of introducing *such a subject on such an occasion.* Notwithstanding the confidence with which he *demanded* the most serious attention, we venture to assert it was thoroughly fatigued and disappointed before he concluded. We appeal for evidence to the retiring company and deserted galleries. Not Locke himself would have been able to detain a commencement audience *with his original chapter on innate ideas*, and surely Mr. S. could not expect it from a course of argument that admitted of but little more diversity. *Non omnia omnibus aptant* is a remark we should have supposed he had heard and understood. Why then, my good Sir, could you venture on a theme which was as sterile as a problem of Euclid, and which you were under the necessity of explaining by a similar process? or why carry your company for *more than an hour* over a course which however useful sometimes to pass, was as barren and desolate as the path commanded to the children of Israel? Your audience were assembled for amusement not labor, they anticipated the rational pleasures of imag-

ination, and not the most fatiguing labours of abstruse metaphysics. They meant to have gathered the flowers and the light fruit in the garden of literature, and had no idea of being impressed to the severe labour of felling the sturdiest oak on the steep mountain of science.

A Valedictory Oration in Latin.

Mr. Aspinwall's Latin Valedictory Oration was *classical and precise*. It was delivered with spirit and received with satisfaction, and closed in an impressive and pleasing manner the exercises of the day.

MARCUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Selected for the Emerald.

MR. ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Continued from page 402)

They now removed to Blue Hart-court, Bell-alley. Here they found a new acquaintance. James Kay, a native of Dundee. He was a middle-aged man, of a good understanding, and a rigid Calvinist. He had many books, some of which he lent to Robert. Among these were Thompson's Seasons, Paradise Lost, and some novels. The Seasons no sooner met his eye than he devoted all his leisure to them. "I never heard him," says his brother, "give such praise to any book as that." The chords were struck!—he was awakened to harmony, and he attuned himself to the same delightful theme! The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake, to whom the world is indebted for an excellent critique upon the Farmer's Boy, accounts it a poetic singularity, that the poetry of Thompson should have passed through a mind so enthusiastically enamoured of it, without impairing the originality of its character, when exercised on a subject so much leading to imitation. This he justly accounts for, by the vivid impression on a most sensible and powerful imagination in his early youth, anterior to his studying of any poet.

About the year 1784, a question was agitated among the journeymen shoemakers, whether those who had learned the business without having been apprenticed, could be allowed to follow the trade. This dispute did not regard masters, but journeymen. Mr Chamberlayne, of Cheapside, who employed our two brothers, took an active part against the men, and carried it so far as to discharge all those of his workmen who joined their clubs. This greatly exasperated them against him, and they immediately commenced a search among the remainder of his men, who were what they termed *unlawful*. Robert Bloomfield was one of these, and him they soon singled out, threatening to prosecute his master for employing him, and his brother for teaching him. George, by no means of a passive temper, finding himself threatened and insulted for having refused to join their meetings, defied and resisted them. He addressed a letter to the most active man of their committee, stating that, in taking Robert, he acted in conjunction with the feelings of a brother and the wishes of a mother. He made extremely free with the private character (a very indifferent one) of this man, and also with the views of the committee. This remonstrance widened the breach between him and them, and things became still worse. The mild nature of Robert revolted from this troublesome and contentious scene. He saw, with extreme concern the storm that was gathering over his brother's head, and his tenderness for this brother induced him to use the most effectual means to avert it. This was by withdrawing himself, and, consequently, the objection, from the place of action. He therefore begged leave of his brother to retire, for a time, into the country, and to which he gave his assent. He accordingly returned home, and, at the desire of Mr. Austin, resided at his house during his stay. He remained at Sapiston two months, and here, with his mind glowing with the beauties of Thompson, and now, heightened with the presence of rural scenery, did he again retrace those peaceful, living fields, where he first began to think; where he first imbibed the knowledge of nature and the soul of poetry. Here, free from the smoke, the noise, and the contention of the

city, did he again repace the paths of rural simplicity; again read over, with renewed ardour, the beauteous volume of Nature, and once more inspire that love of pastoral innocence, that perfected him for the production of the Farmer's Boy.

The question still remaining undecided, Robert, at the expiration of two months, left those scenes so dear to him, and returned to London, where, to avoid farther trouble he, at the offer of a Mr. Dudbridge, apprenticed himself to that worthy man, George paying five shillings by way of form, as premium. Mr. Dudbridge was their landlord, and a freeman of the city of London. He acted most honourably, taking no advantage of his indentures, but leaving Robert, who remained with his brother till he could work as expertly as himself, as free as ever.

When our Poet had attained the age of nineteen, his brother left London, and went to settle at Bury. Here we cannot forbear expressing our admiration at this young man. His love was, indeed, brotherly, and amounting even to heroism. He took the little orphan, when a boy, and during the years he remained with him, was at once his father, master, brother, friend! Nor did he quit him until he had amply qualified him to support himself by honest and independent industay. Left to himself, and perhaps feeling a chasm in his mind at the loss of his brother, he paid his court to another sister of the Muses, and spent his leisure hours in the study of music. His attention was rewarded with success, and he became a pretty good performer on that most difficult of instruments, the violin. But another mistress soon engaged his heart, and our poet, for once inconstant, deserted the Muse, Euterpe, for Mary Ann Church, a comely young woman, of Woolwich, whose father was a boat-builder of that town. This connection he gained through the medium of his brother Nathaniel, who had married a person of the same place.

It was some years before he could rescue himself from the burthensome expense of ready-furnished lodgings. At length, by incessant toil at his business, he was enabled to purchase a bed of his own; and, thus enriched, he hired a room up one pair of stairs, at No. 14, Bell Alley, Coleman Street; his landlord, at the same time permitting him to sit and work in a light garret, two pair of stairs higher.

This garret was the Parnassian temple, whence issued the poem of the Farmer's Boy. It was here, at his work, without the aid of pen, ink, paper, pencil, or slate, or any other assistant to the memory, and amid the noise of six or seven workmen, that he conceived the beautiful imagery, the faithful delineation, and the harmonic and grateful flow of verse, that complete the Farmer's Boy. The fruits of his creative fancy did he treasure up in his memory till convenience or opportunity enabled him to transmit them to paper; and, to the astonishment of the literati, the latter part of his *Autumn*, and the whole of his *Winter*, was composed and corrected in his head, without a single line being committed to paper. "And thus," said he to a friend, "when it was thus prepared, I had nothing to do but to write it down."

This has not more excited the surprise of the literary world than, that so exquisite a poem should have been produced by one so untutored by art, and so great a stranger to scholastic learning; particularly as they understand the methods used by authors to catch and retain the flying thought. Thus Milton, when blind, used to employ his three daughters, alternately, to pen down his sublime thoughts. The deserted Savage, when precluded by poverty from the convenience of pen, ink and paper, used to study in the streets and go into shops to record the productions of his fertile genius. Pope, when on visits at Lord Bolingbroke's, used to ring up the domestics at any hour of the night, for pen and ink, to record a thought that struck his refined imagination. Most singular was the method of Bloomfield, when contrasted with these

(To be Continued.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

The transmigration of souls, says the sprightly Goldsmith, is no doubt fabulous and whimsical; but nothing can be more certain than the transmigration of bodies: the spoils of the meanest re-

tile may go to the formation of a prince, and, on the contrary, as the poet has it, the body of Cæsar may be employed in stopping a beer barrel.

RESURRECTION.

A MISERLY parson who had amassed a considerable sum, was always in distress, for a place to secure it in from thieves. At last he locked it up in a small casket, and then placed it in the church-box, with the superscription: "The Lord is here." Unfortunately, a short time after, some thieves broke into the church and ransacked every place, not even sparing the box. One of them observing the casket, opened it, and finding the contents very much to his liking, took out the money, and wrote underneath the inscription the following words: —"*He is risen, and is here no more.*"

SORROW

Is like the deaf adder, "that hears not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

WOMAN.

The bashful lover sues in vain
The favours of the fair to gain;
He, that would feast upon the bliss
Of his mistress' honied kiss,
Must dare to hope, and cease to languish
With dull despair, the nurse of anguish;
Must bid adieu to bashfulness
And boldly learn his suit to press;
And if in vain his oft-urg'd pray'r
Impetuous clasp the struggling fair,
And gently force the joy denied,—
Nor think that she will ever chide.
For oh! how soft is woman framed!
How soon with Love's fierce fires enflamed!
She flies, yet flying hopes the swain
Quickly her footsteps will detain!
Denies, yet hopes while she denies
That he will boldly snatch the prize;
Struggles, yet struggling lets him see
She hopes to lose the victory.

A barber at Portsea has the following curious incription over his door: —"Chins operated upon without laceration, or incision, by Simon Fraser, shaver to the *Philanthropic* society."

A French academician gave it as his opinion, that nothing should be read in the public sittings of the academy "par dela ce qui est impose par les statuts: il motivait son avis en disant.—En fait *d'inutilites*, il ne faut-que le *necessaire*."

TO AN ORANGE TREE.

From the French of the Chevalier de Parny.

Orange tree! whose foliage dark,
Serv'd our transports to conceal,
Let me on thy tender bark
This grand truth to them reveal;
"Who in soft luxurious leisure,
May beside thy stem be laid;
That if man could die with pleasure,
I had died beneath thy shade."

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Emblem of death! ah, soothing balmy sleep!
Friend of my pillow, o'er my eye-lids creep!
Soft let me slumber—gently breathing sigh,
Live without life, and without dying die!

A negro courier, after having eaten enormously, when he is informed that he is to be sent on some journey, across countries little frequented, sets off cheerfully, carrying with him no other provision than a pound of gum, a little parched millet, and a few ounces of a sort of very hard meat jelly. These slight provisions furnish him a subsistence, the weight of which is at most but four ounces per day; nevertheless, he will walk for ten, and sometimes twelve hours together, for the space of five or six days, without intermission. At his return, he has, indeed, a very hungry stomach and exhausted belly; but he is active and cheerful, and does not in any degree appear to have suffered by hunger or fatigue.

Extract from an advertisement in a Provincial paper:—"Wanted immediately a journeyman in the *grocery* line to make *candles*."

ACCOUNT OF THE CITY QUITO.

From Humbold's papers, lately transmitted to the French Museum of Natural History.

THIS province, which is situated on the most elevated plain in the world, and which was rent by the grand catastrophe of Feb. 4, 1797, has opened a most extensive field of physical observation. Here are volcanoes so enormous as to cause the flame often to ascend 3000 feet; which, nevertheless, do not produce one drop of running lava, but which vomit forth water, sulphuric dydrogene gas, mud and carbonated argil. Since the year 1797, the whole of this part of the world has been in agitation: we experience at every instant frightful shocks: and the subterraneous noise in the plains of Rio Bamba resembles that of a mountain falling to pieces under our feet. Atmospheric air and moistened earth (for all these volcanoes are in a decomposed porphyry,) appear to be the grand agents in these combustions and subterraneous fermentations.

It was till now believed at Quito, that the rarefaction of the air, at the elevation of 2470 toises, was the greatest which men could endure. In the month of March, 1802, we passed some days on the vast plains surrounding the volcano of Antisana, at 2107 toises elevation, where the oxen, when we chased them vomited blood. On the 16th of March, we discovered a path in the snow, on which we mounted, to the height of 2773 toises. The air contained 0,008 of carbonic acid, 0,218 of oxygene, and 0,744 of azote. It was not cold, but the blood gushed out from our lips and eyes. In my expedition of June 23, 1802, to Chimboraço, we proved that, with patience, man might sustain a very great rarefication of the air. We carried our instruments on Chimboraço as high as 3031 to ses, and saw the mercury descen in the barometer to 13 inches a 11,2 lines.

The city of Quito is beautif but the atmosphere is dark a cloudy, the neighbouring mountai present little verdure, and the c is very considerable. The gr earthquake of Feb. 4, 1797, wh overturned the whole province, destroyed at one instant from thir five to forty thousand human bein has so changed the temperature the air, that there the thermome of Reaumur commonly stands 4—10 degrees, and rarely ascen to 16 or 17 degrees, while Bouq generally saw it at 15 or 16 degre Since this catastrophe, const earthquakes, and some shocks h been experienced. It is probab that all the high part of this provi is one volcano. The mountains Cotopoxi and Pichincha are o little ridges to which the crat form different chimneys, all lead to the same cavity. The earthqu of 1797 has unfortunately confir ed this hypothesis; for the ea every where opened and vomi sulphur, water, &c. In spite ho ever, of all these horrors and d gers, with which Nature has enc passed them, the inhabitants of Q to are gay, lively, and ami The city breathes nothing but pl sure and luxury; and, perhaps, no place can be found a more de ded or more general taste for di sions. Thus man accustoms hi eelf to sleep soundly on the br of a precipice.

ERRATA. In our last, p. 407, the r der will please to note the following c rections,

In 5th stanza, for *embrace* read *embr*
7th for *my* read *thy*.
8th for *morrow* read *sorro*

The lines addressed "to M— shall be in our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[*The subsequent Elegy is the production of* JOHN LATHROP, JUN. ESQ. *It was written at* Calcutta, *in the year* 1800, *soon after he received the oppressive tale of mortality, which announced that his collegiate friend and companion,* ROBERT PAINE, ESQ. *was no more! The genius of the author lives in his poem, but his sensibility secures a habitation in the heart. During life inseparable friendship united these literary brothers; and death, which severed, though it could not untie the constancy of affection, had no power to bereave memory of its pleasures nor verse of its immortality. We are happy that it was reserved* for the Emerald *even at this lapse of time,* to present the first copy to the public.]

For the Emerald.

THE Gentleman to whose memory the following lines are inscribed, was the eldest son of the honourable Robert T. Paine, Esq. of Boston. He was admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, at Harvard University, in 1789 and 1792, and in 1795, after being sworn as an attorney of the Supreme Judicial Court, commenced his professional course with unusual success. But, he fell a victim to the pestilence, which ravaged the seaports of America, in the year 1798, leaving his friends and country to lament the loss of one of the most promising young men in the United States.—He was remarkable for the humanity of his disposition, the urbanity of his manners, the correctness of his taste, and the uncommon degree of his literary acquirements.

During his residence at Cambridge, his whole time was employed in the most intense studies. At a period, when most of his contemporaries, were more eager in their pursuits of pleasure, than constant in their *devoirs* to the sciences, he, justly appreciating the advantages of education and knowledge in a free government, resolved to lay in his juvenile years, a solid foundation for future usefulness and distinction. He was not contented with occasional visits to his closet, or merely performing the tasks imposed by his tutors and the rules of the seminary, but he attended with unwearied perseverance to the morals and philosophy of the ancient classicks, and was enabled to see their beauties and to detect their errors and defects. He considered just criticism as an indispensable requisite in the instigation of the hypotheses of profane or sacred writers, and the fairest mean for the discovery of truth. He could say of the Roman Bard,

"*Scilicet ut possem, curvo dignoscere rectum,*
Atque inter sylvas academi quærere verum."

ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF ROBERT PAINE, ESQ.

Who died at Boston, July 29th, 1798, *Æt.* 28.

——————MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS,
PURPUREOS SPARGAM FLORES, ANIMAMQUE NEPOTIS,
HIS SALTEM ACCUMULEM DONIS, ET FUNGAR INANI
MUNERE. *Virg. Æ. l* 6. *v.* 883. *&c.*

Here Genius mourns; afflicted Friendship weeps,
For cold beneath this marble Pollio sleeps.

Hither, ye Graces, pensively repair.
A cypress wreath, with roses twin'd prepare,
Here strew the earliest flow'rets of the spring,
And here, ye Muses, solemn dirges sing—
Soft be your lays to sooth his gentle shade,
Sweet, as the notes along the moon light glade,
When Philomela or the widow'd dove,
Express their tender woes and pour the plaint of love!
—Ah! what avail'd his elegance of form
His cultur'd mind and heart with virtue warm,
Honour united with affections bland,
And patriot ardor for his native land!

Friend of my youth, adieu! Within this breast,
A brother's grief, shall be a cherish'd guest,
While busy memory to old Harvard strays,
And fondly lingers o'er our happy days.
'Twas then, the grove of Academus bloom'd,
And antique lights the classick walks illum'd,
Science thro' every maze our footsteps led,
And all her treasures wide before us spread;
There Plato's page was open'd to our view,
And there was taught all Aristotle knew,
There Maro sung and glowing Pindar fir'd,
And Tully charm'd, Demosthenes inspir'd;
There Locke explained the mental empire's plan,
Nature by Newton stood unveil'd to man,
While Gibbon, from the fall of mighty Rome,
Instructed nations to avoid her doom
And Blair, to whom the art divine was given,
With angel eloquence allur'd to heaven;
There in luxuriance wav'd the sacred bough,
Minerva destin'd to adorn thy brow.

Alas! how soon the dear illusions fly,
The prospect fades and tears its place supply,
Wake from dreams of bliss to real gloom
And lean my aching head on Pollio's tomb!
But, thou blest shade! if in thy honest heart,
Among thy loves Eugenio bore a part,
Accept this tribute of unpolish'd lays,
Due to thy worth,—unequal to thy praise!

BOSTON, MASS. PUBLISHED,
BY BELCHER AND ARMSTRONG, STATE-STREET.